

**DIPLOMATIST -- JOURNALIST -- POLITICIAN --  
MINISTER?**

It is in the present Parliament that Mr. Labouchere has found his opportunity, and has won for himself a place not only in the House, but in the country, which makes it natural for every one to be asking what part he shall have when the long fight is over and the battle won. Like Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Labouchere's native air is that breathed on the Opposition benches. With his own political friends in office, his area of attack is limited, though to do him justice the limitation is not drawn at inconvenient points. In any circumstances he will have his joke even if it contributes to the adversary's acquiescence in the result. This is a natural and healthy disposition, which is as well to take into account in any speculation as to Mr. Labouchere's future in connection with the return of Mr. Gladstone to power. It is probable enough that office will be offered to him; but will he take it? It is not well to prophesy with respect to so versatile a personage, but I

A BRILLIANT ACTOR AND AN AMIABLE  
YOUNG PRINCESS.

The Grand Duchess had an adoring but sad husband, Paul, the youngest son of Alexander II and his beautiful but sick and melancholy wife, Mary Feodorovna, now Princess of Liechtenstein-Darmstadt. Paul was thought to be a confirmed bachelor. He was something of a valetudinarian, hated St. Petersburg, was inclined to be conservative, and was not popular in Italy and Sicily. He made the acquaintance of the late Emperor Alexander on his way as a pilgrim to the Holy Places and to open a Greek church at Jerusalem, and fell in love with her. Little is known of the details of their life, but she died of convulsions and a child was born who has survived her. A London Journal, whose St. Petersburg correspondent is admitted to the Imperial Palace, writes that the Grand Duchess, on the fatal illness of the Grand Duke, arose from the horses of her carriage running away.

The death of the Grand Duchess Paul has been widely mourned and has affected the family of Russia who were here and at Imperial Court. The Grand Duke and Duchess had been on a tour of pleasure to hasten home. The Grand Duke and Duchess Vladimir arrived in Paris this morning and halted just long enough to see the Duke and Duchess and their mourning dresses ordered by telegraph, and have then packed to be taken away this evening. They are accompanied by the Grand Duke Alexis and the Duke and Duchess of Leuchtenstein. The Emperor and Empress have telegraphed a message of condolence to the King of Greece. The Czar was extremely sorry for the Princess Alexandra, who was nearly every summer at the family gatherings at the Czar's residence at Tsarskoye Selo.

E. C.

NOTABLE LEADERS OF THOUGHT AND ACTION IN HINDOSTAN.

Having exhausted the historical treasury of the Asiatic Society, he set out to explore and survey personally all the sacred sites and historic places in Bengal and Orissa, for the purpose of identifying them, connecting them harmoniously with the ancient narratives regarding them, and rescuing their inscriptions from oblivion. He was accompanied by a force of surveyors, draughtsmen and photographers, and thus secured elaborate and accurate descriptions and pictures of every historic place and building. A portion of the fruits of this great undertaking may be seen in his "History of the Antiquities of Orissa," a truly monumental work, which he completed, however, and more than fifty other important books were written and published by him, some in Bengali, some in English, and some in Sanskrit. He also edited several periodicals, and was for years director of the Court of Wards College in Calcutta. The British Government showered titles and honours

ALONG THE MAINE COAST.

## EASTPORT HARBOR AND CAMPO BELLO.

“Rounding it off,” “Why did you break off with Charlie, dear?” “Oh, he’s such a perfect ‘flat.’” “Well, you’re to blame for that—you used to ‘sit on’ him.” “You mean have no self-reliance. There’s that young Maanikin who, whenever he goes to the serpentine to bathe, won’t loddly take a header, no—he always stands shivering on the bank till he falls in with a friend.”—*Fun.*

A MEMORY OF KARL I OF WURTEMBERG.

The King has now made one circuit of the company. The red and white wines of the Württemberg vineyards that have grown old in cabinets in the King's cellars are still brought to the table. The music is of the liveliest, the songs of the students of the most rollicking, and the King makes a second promenade through the ambulatory amid reiterated cheers. The Gothic arches ring with laughter and music loud enough to make the bones of abbots buried in the cloister chapel turn in horror in their own mould. But the students do not think of monks dead five centuries. The wild abandon of youth thrills them. They sing of fealty to King and Fatherland, of their alma

## STREETS PAVED WITH GOLD.

SOME PEOPLE SEE IT AND SOME DON'T.

NEGLECTED BONANZAS THAT ITALIAN IMM.

This is not the only bonanza that has been discovered going to waste and unworked right under the eyes of the shrewd Yankee by the simple Italian immigrant. Look at the boot-blackening and fruit-stand business of this city. Not many years ago most of the boot-polishing done in the streets fell to the hands of little boys, who, with little boxes on their shoulders, invited the customer to stand uncomfortably on one leg in the crowded streets while the dirt was worked in. Then the Italians took hold of it. A comfortable chair was placed on the sidewalk, a small umbrella invited the customer to sit at ease and read his paper while a muscular man put a dazzling polish on his shoes. The Italian who first saved enough money to buy two chairs hired another man to do the polishing at one of them, until in many instances one man owned a few chairs and employed several men to do the polishing in the city, and possibly the man who sits near you with glittering diamonds and stylish clothes at some up-town restaurant got his start as a boot-black.

Content yourself with beer, is really a bootblack by profession, though he looks as if he never polished a shoe in his life, not even his own.

THE FLAG ON SNOWDON.

THE LORD AND THE BOBBY.

From Land and Water.

A story is just now going the rounds apropos of Lord Clanwilliam, the gallant and genial admiral who was so greatly responsible for the recent successful repulsion of the French fleet at Portsmouth. One snitry night Lord Clanwilliam was peacefully smoking his pipe outside his house in Belgrave Square attended in a somewhat free and easy style, whilst attracted to the suspicion of a "fish" policeman. The latter, accosting Lord Clanwilliam, inquired "What are you doing here? Do you belong to this house?" "No," was the answer, "the house belongs to me."

### Delight Followed by Torment.

What man or woman will deny that a good dinner is a present delight. Equally undeniable is it that when a well-cooked meal is succeeded by a fit of indigestion, rupture is converted into torture. Don't charge your dyspepsia to your dinner. No, my dear sir, your gastric department was out of order to begin with. Had you regulated it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters the cargo that you took on board would have been comfortably stowed away without the slightest inconvenience. This incompressible stomachic entirely reforms faulty digestion, and regulates, besides, the liver and the bowels, which must act harmoniously with the digestive organ, or all three fall out of gear. Take the Bitters for kidney and rheumatic complaints and in all cases of malaria. As a tonic, appetizer and urinator of convalescents it has no peer.